

STORIES OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND AMBITION IN NEWS OF TO-DAY.

MAN WITH DEAD GIRL HAD BOOK ON POISONS.

Police Think Margaret Travis Was Killed Like Jennie Bosschiet—Her Companion Under Arrest.

Clarence Davis Said He Was Coming to New York to Settle "Trouble with a Woman."

The police now believe that Margaret Travis, the young girl who was found dead in "Trabold's" Hotel, at One Hundred and Twenty-second street and Amsterdam avenue, was murdered.

Her death was caused by chloral poisoning, Clarence Davis, a young iron-master, of Troy, who shared the room with her, was found raving at her bedside. He was taken to the J. Hood Wright Hospital under arrest.

He had been unable to make a connected statement, and mutters incoherently when questioned. The police strongly suspect that he is shamming.

Had Book on Poisons. In his pocket was a booklet containing a list of poisons, with their effects and antidotes. This paper was much thumbed, as though its possessor had studied it over constantly.

Detectives are at Davis's bedside in the hospital, and one of them told the Evening World reporter this afternoon that the Travis girl was killed in the same manner as Jennie Bosschiet.

Late this afternoon Davis opened his eyes and told the detectives he would answer their questions. They asked him to give an account of his movements Saturday night.

"I came down from Troy Saturday night to see Maggie. She had written me a letter asking me to come.

"I went to the hotel with her and took one drink. After that I remember nothing."

"Didn't you notice that the girl was sick?" asked one of the detectives.

"No, Maggie left me. That was another woman you found in the room."

Then Davis turned to the wall and raved in melodramatic fashion of his love for "Maggie."

Davis left Troy Saturday, telling a friend he might be back Monday, or might never return.

He said he was in serious trouble with a woman in New York, and that he was going to that city to "have it out" with her.

The pair registered at Trabold's Hotel, One Hundred and Twenty-second street and Amsterdam avenue, at Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Smith, Troy, N. Y.

At 9 o'clock Saturday evening the young man and woman went to the hotel. They ordered two glasses of cherry, which she drank, but went at once to their room, leaving word to be called at 5 o'clock Sunday morning.

They were called and made answers but did not appear. They ordered another food nor drink during the day and at 5 P. M. a waiter was sent to call them again, and the waiter answered "Well order dinner soon." No order came and at 9:30 o'clock the hotelkeeper called a policeman and spoke in the room door.

The young woman, who was about twenty years old, with dark hair and eyes, lay half dressed on the bed. She was dead and rigor mortis had partly set in.

Insane at Bedside. The man, fully dressed, stood muttering insanely in the middle of the floor. He had his companion's bonnet in his hands and repeated every effort made to take it away from him.

When an ambulance arrived from the J. Hood Wright Memorial Hospital the surgeon said that the woman had been dead about five hours, probably through poisoning. There were no signs of a struggle in the room, and no marks of violence on the body.

The man was hurried to the hospital and found to be suffering from some narcotic poison. After the stomach pump had been used he revived sufficiently to say that he was a master iron-worker and twenty-five years old. He then began to rave again, and finally slipped into insensibility.

A card of St. Luke's Home was found in the girl's pocketbook, and Miss Derby, the Superintendent, told the police that the description of the dead woman showed her to be Miss Travis. She said that the young woman had been employed at the home for three years, and bore an excellent character. She said that Davis had called for Miss Travis about 8 o'clock Saturday evening and that she had permitted their going out together because she understood that they were engaged.

Killed by Chloral. Dr. Adams, the house physician, said that the symptoms were of chloral poisoning and that Davis would probably die.



MISS MARGARET TRAVIS. Woman found in hotel dead.

NOISE OF FIRE KILLED A GIRL.

Miss Hoffman's Heart Affected by Excitement of Blaze.

Miss Helen Hoffman, eighteen years old, of 89 McAdoo avenue, Jersey City, died to-day from fright occasioned by a fire.

The fire partially destroyed the frame house at 72 McAdoo avenue, a few doors from her home, occupied by Fred Klotz.

The noise of the engines and the excitement brought an heart disease, and within an hour Miss Hoffman was dead. She had been in poor health for several weeks.

She belonged to Zion Evangelist Church choir.

STEAMER STRIKES WRECK. Tallman, a Norwegian Vessel, Sinks at the Entrance of Newtown Creek.

The Norwegian steamer Tallman, Captain Borg, laden with sugar from Blackwell's Island, and knocked a big hole in her bottom forward, through which she quickly filled and sank, with eighteen feet of water in her forward hold.

Her agents, L. W. & P. Armstrong, are arranging with wreckers to try and raise the sunken steamer to-day.

Mr. Chambers Gets a Year. (Special to The Evening World.) ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Jan. 21.—Mrs. Millie Chambers, of Philadelphia, who obtained from Mrs. Schawlsfort nearly \$100,000 in counterfeit money in the latter part of July last, was sentenced at May's Landing at noon to-day to one year in State prison.

Matthew Chambers, an Englishman, Attempts Suicide.

"Dear old Queen Victoria is dying, and I'm rather tired of living myself."

The friends to whom Matthew Chambers several times repeated this remark yesterday paid no particular attention to him, because he was of a rather pessimistic turn of mind.

They were walking downtown from a little upper party at the time, and when he reached their residence at 61 East Third street, he said "You fellows go to bed. I'll come in after a while."

His companions, Andrew Valentine and William McNally, did so, and he went to bed. He was sixty years old and his home was at 82 Huntington avenue, this city.

He began life as a blacksmith in Ohio at the age of fourteen. Was a carpenter, then a hotel builder, and got into the telephone business in 1880.

He filed the first written description of the telephone known to the world in the Patent Office on Feb. 14, 1876.

BOTTLE OF WINE, THEN A KISS.

Champagne Settled the Quarrels of the Ivisons.

Miss Iverson M. Ross, a pretty newspaper woman, was a witness to-day in the contest of the will of William Iverson, now on trial before Justice O'Gorman in Supreme Court.

She was a niece of the publisher who left \$100,000 to his favorite nephew, David B. Iverson.

"Long ago," said Miss Ross, "the Ivisons lived in my mother's house, then at 208 Fifth avenue. Mrs. Iverson used to be very jealous of Mr. Iverson, and I have seen her strike him."

"Then no mother would send a bottle of champagne in and they would kiss and make friends."

She knew Mary Sheridan, who acted as secretary to Mr. Iverson in his last days, and to whom he left \$10,000. She once saw Miss Sheridan in Mr. Iverson's office.

Miss Ross said the Ivisons used to quarrel over Miss Sheridan.

"Mr. Iverson told his wife he was very proud of 'Mary Ann' (meaning Miss Sheridan), and she could go away if she didn't like it."

"I often saw Miss Sheridan at Mr. Iverson's knee in his office. I told him I didn't think it was a very nice way to do it."

"Once I went with him to a safe-deposit vault," said Miss Ross. "He took out two packages of bonds. One contained \$2,000. He raised it to his lips and kissed it."

"He never owned real estate long. He said he didn't want any real estate, so his wife could 'let it go.' Besides, he used to dress very shabbily, but had lots of diamonds."

"Several times I heard Mr. Iverson say he would like to take his money with him when he died."

Sister Leonica has earned the resentment of her Catholic admirers, as they say she could have renounced her vows and left the order if she wished to marry.

Her elopement was darkly planned. It was the fruit of an unusual romance. The nun came from Shamokin several years ago. Even in her shabby garb her wonderful beauty attracted attention.

She nursed in the ward given over to those suffering from mental and nervous troubles. A patient there two years ago was Roland G. Moore, son of the late Dr. Gaynor Moore and grandson of the once famous Dr. G. G. Moore, "the Blind Physician of Lancaster."

The young man had inherited a fortune. Four years ago he ran for Mayor on the Democratic ticket, and the strain of the canvass brought on a serious illness.

When Moore left the hospital for the last time a week ago he was in unusually good spirits and his nervous affection had left him completely.

On Saturday night he drove in a closed carriage to the hospital grounds, where the nun, who had dropped twelve feet from a window, joined him. She was driven to the house of a friend, where a tailor-made suit of black cloth, a golf cape and a diary had been prepared for her. They went to Camden, N. J., where an obliging justice married them. The marriage certificate was made out to Roland G. Moore and Ellen Dugan.

SECRETLY DIVORCED, DEATH PARTED THEM.

Widow Discovers That for Twenty-four Years She Was Not a Wife.

No stranger argument in favor of the pending law before the Legislature, abolishing the present system of secret divorce proceedings, could be found than the remarkable story which came out in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn to-day.

Instead of being the wealthy widow she imagined herself, Mrs. Augusta M. Barton, of Brooklyn, has discovered that she is neither the widow of William A. Barton nor entitled to dower rights in his large estate.

Though she lived with him as his wife for nearly half a century, she discovered, following his death during the holidays, that he had divorced her twenty-four years ago.

This surprising knowledge came to her when the dead man's will was opened. It contained the explicit statement that he had no wife. For a moment Mrs. Barton doubted the sanity of her husband. The will was that of a clear-headed business man, explicit in every direction for the distribution of his estate.

The solution of the mystery came when in searching through her husband's papers Mrs. Barton discovered a decree of divorce granted him against her by default in Queens County, in 1876.

Her widely honor and the big fortune of which she found herself unjustly deprived made her bend every effort to clear the mystery of the secret divorce. Her investigation developed that the fraudulent practices so lately exposed by the Supreme Bench of Brooklyn thrived a quarter of a century ago under the secret divorce statute.

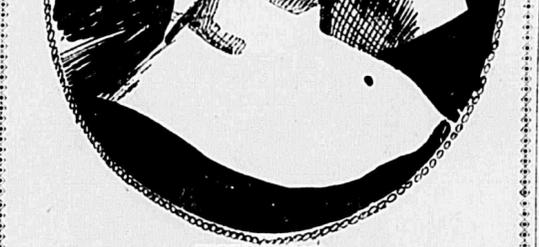
Accompanying the papers which her lawyer submitted in making his motion before Justice Dickey for a reopening of the default was an affidavit from the process-server of the Queens County Court whose name was attached to the default papers. He swore that he had never served notice of the suit on Mrs. Barton and that his signature on the return was a palpable forgery.

An effort was made by Lawyer Wolf to prevent his motion attracting public attention, and after the papers were passed up they were sequestered. Justice Dickey said that on Monday next he would hear the application to have the default reopened. If Mrs. Barton can establish that the default was secured through fraud, the divorce decree will be set aside and her right to dower in her husband's estate established.

Mr. Barton's will was not filed for probate in the Surrogate's office of Kings County. He is said to have been a wealthy resident of Suffolk County.

"BEAUTIFUL NUN" IN HOSPITAL ROMANCE.

Man for Whom She Broke Her Vows Was Her Patient.



ELLEN DUGAN, The "Beautiful Nun."

(Special to The Evening World.) LANCASTER, Pa., Jan. 21.—Roland G. Moore and his bride, who was Sister Mary Leonica, the "Beautiful Nun" of the Franciscan Hospital here, will return to this city according to telegrams received to-day by friends, when they have concluded a Southern honeymoon trip.

Sister Leonica has earned the resentment of her Catholic admirers, as they say she could have renounced her vows and left the order if she wished to marry.

Her elopement was darkly planned. It was the fruit of an unusual romance. The nun came from Shamokin several years ago. Even in her shabby garb her wonderful beauty attracted attention.

She nursed in the ward given over to those suffering from mental and nervous troubles. A patient there two years ago was Roland G. Moore, son of the late Dr. Gaynor Moore and grandson of the once famous Dr. G. G. Moore, "the Blind Physician of Lancaster."

The young man had inherited a fortune. Four years ago he ran for Mayor on the Democratic ticket, and the strain of the canvass brought on a serious illness.

When Moore left the hospital for the last time a week ago he was in unusually good spirits and his nervous affection had left him completely.

On Saturday night he drove in a closed carriage to the hospital grounds, where the nun, who had dropped twelve feet from a window, joined him. She was driven to the house of a friend, where a tailor-made suit of black cloth, a golf cape and a diary had been prepared for her. They went to Camden, N. J., where an obliging justice married them. The marriage certificate was made out to Roland G. Moore and Ellen Dugan.

The bride is twenty-nine years old, and has the black hair and blue eyes of a typical Irish beauty.

Mr. Moore's mother approves of his marriage to the nun, though she is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church.

When Moore left the hospital for the last time a week ago he was in unusually good spirits and his nervous affection had left him completely.

On Saturday night he drove in a closed carriage to the hospital grounds, where the nun, who had dropped twelve feet from a window, joined him. She was driven to the house of a friend, where a tailor-made suit of black cloth, a golf cape and a diary had been prepared for her. They went to Camden, N. J., where an obliging justice married them. The marriage certificate was made out to Roland G. Moore and Ellen Dugan.

SOCIETY MAN IS PRISONER IN JAIL.

George Stuart Smith Sued for \$100,000 for Alienating Mrs. Sibley's Affections.



MRS. RICHARD C. SIBLEY.

George Stuart Smith, society man, insurance broker, stutterm and club man, is locked up in the Ludlow Street Jail pending his furnishing bail for \$30,000 as ordered by Judge Fitzgerald in a suit for \$100,000 damages brought by Richard Clay Sibley. Mr. Sibley alleges that the man with the impediment in his speech, who is further handicapped by the fact that he walks with a limp, has won the affections of the beautiful Mrs. Sibley.

Mrs. Sibley is living with her two children, pretty girls of twelve and thirteen, at 25 West Eighty-first street. She sued her husband last June for separation, alleging cruelty and inhuman treatment, and secured an order requiring him to pay \$30 a month alimony. He has not paid it and has been contempt for staying out of New York to avoid going to jail for contempt of court.

Mrs. Sibley says that her husband's suit for damages against Mr. Smith and the action for absolute divorce which he says he will bring are absurd, and that her suit for separation, now before the Court of Appeals, will soon be decided in her favor. She adds that her stepfather, Thomas G. Field, and Charles Buchanan will furnish bail for Mr. Smith and secure his release from Ludlow Street Jail soon.

Mrs. Sibley is fifty-six years old and her wife is only thirty-one. They were married in 1886, and, according to the papers filed in the suit for damages against Mr. Smith, lived happily until 1897, when Mr. Sibley claims to have noticed that his wife was growing cold toward him. In December, 1898, he affirms, she left him and they have not seen either since.

Mr. Sibley says that Smith won his wife's affections in 1897, and that he has been too attentive to her ever since. He presents affidavits from several former servants, who claim to have seen suspicious conduct on the part of Mrs. Sibley, and her stammering admirer, Richard Clay Sibley, who formerly worked for the Sibleys at Lakewood, says that after Mr. Sibley came to New York on business Mr. Smith would reach Lakewood and stay all day. Mrs. Sibley would go to the train with him and would tell him good-by, and then wait to greet her husband on his return from New York.

Mr. Sibley was formerly a broker at 120 Broadway, and has been a member of the New York Yacht Club, Lawyers Club, and Racquet and Tennis clubs. He and his wife spent their Summers either at Saratoga, Narragansett Pier or at Tuxedo. During the Winter they lived at their home at the Savoy or the Waldorf-Astoria.

Richard C. Sibley, who formerly worked for the Sibleys at Lakewood, says that after Mr. Sibley came to New York on business Mr. Smith would reach Lakewood and stay all day. Mrs. Sibley would go to the train with him and would tell him good-by, and then wait to greet her husband on his return from New York.

Mr. Sibley was formerly a broker at 120 Broadway, and has been a member of the New York Yacht Club, Lawyers Club, and Racquet and Tennis clubs. He and his wife spent their Summers either at Saratoga, Narragansett Pier or at Tuxedo. During the Winter they lived at their home at the Savoy or the Waldorf-Astoria.

WIDOW SAMMIS TELLS OF FIGHT SLAVE TO DUTY HE MAY DIE.

Diamond-Toothed Singer, Mrs. Leonard, in Court-Room. Street Railway Conductor Was Afraid of Losing His Car.

The trial of Sierra Nevada Farrington-Leonard, charged with spilling the face of the Widow Margaret G. Sammis, ticket agent at the Saratoga avenue station of the Fulton street "L," is going on in Brooklyn Special Sessions this afternoon.

The songstress with a diamond tooth made an interesting prisoner. Mrs. Sammis was her own first witness. She testified that she was thirty-seven years old, a widow nearly three years, and supported her three children, living at 223 Wyckoff street.

She said that at 9 P. M., Dec. 17, the statuesque beauty in the prisoner's box paid her fare on the Saratoga avenue station, and said: "You wrote Dr. Leonard, my husband, a letter asking him to call."

"Let me explain," began the widow. "But before she could say another word she testified, 'she grabbed me and pulled me off my high stool, punched me, threw me on the floor and kicked me. She kicked me in the face and hurt me so I couldn't eat anything but crackers soaked in milk for a week.'"

The widow said her letter to Dr. Leonard was only to ask him for some medicine.

"Twenty minutes later that night she came again with her husband and their maid." A woman in a white picture hat stood up in court and was identified as the maid.

"Nevada said, 'What is all the misunderstanding' and the doctor said there wasn't any."

"Then she punched me again, and then she turned on the doctor. She said, 'I want to know the truth,' and then she punched him until that woman in the big white hat parted them."

MRS. M. D. BARNES FREE ON PAROLE

Was Arrested for Refusing to Answer to a Subpoena.

TO APPEAR WHEN WANTED.

Again Served with Papers in Divorce Suit of Port and Warden Miller.

Mrs. Milan D. Barnes, wife of the co-respondent in the divorce suit of Port Warden Robert B. Miller against his wife, Emily Copeland Miller, was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Walter F. Bryan, of Kings County, this morning, at the law offices of Emley & Crane, at 11 William street.

Mrs. Barnes, who practices the profession of medicine at her residence 161 Garfield place, Brooklyn, was served with a subpoena to appear in behalf of Mr. Miller at the recent trial. She threw the subpoena at the server and slammed the door in his face. An attachment was then issued against her and, after a long search, Sheriff Bryan finally caught her.

Mrs. Barnes was taken at once before Justice Andrews to answer the charge of contempt of court. She is a slight, frail little woman and was visibly nervous while her counsel, Jay Emley, pleaded for her. Justice Andrews finally paroled her in custody of her lawyer to appear when wanted.

Mrs. Barnes was passing out of the court-room she was served with a subpoena by Mr. Stephens, lawyer for Port Warden Miller, to appear in the latter's behalf at a new trial which has been commenced.

Mr. Miller's last suit fell through, it is said, because of his failure to produce two very important witnesses.

PEANUTS, NOT MURDER, PLOT.

Greek's Lurid Tale of Yonkers Anarchists Scared Police.

The reported Greek Anarchists' plot said to have been nursed in Yonkers and brought to light by a murderous attack upon Etsi Masouras was exploded to-day. Masouras's life was not threatened because of his failure to assassinate President McKinley. There is no Anarchist plot. Peanuts are at the bottom of the trouble.

Masouras was employed by the Greek Peanut Trust, which controls the trade in New York and Yonkers, but he once defied his employers and launched into business for himself. He was warned to return and told if he did not his life would be death. Still he continued to sell peanuts on his own hook, with the result that five men attacked him on the street Saturday night and stabbed him. All are in jail now.

Three of them belong to New York City. When they heard warrants were out for their arrest they went to Yonkers to-day and surrendered.

Christos Tziobopoulos, of 25 East Ninety-ninth street, a Greek pedron, is at the head of the Peanut Trust. He contracts with fellow-countrymen to bring them to the United States and sends them out to vend peanuts at a salary of \$10 a year and board.

Brady's Rude Awakening. Hullin Was Trying to Choke Him to Even Up an Old Score.

Dominick Terlan, of 65 Washington avenue, Brooklyn, was arrested for attempt to kill in Flatbush Court to-day on complaint of Supt. John T. Brady, of the Kings County Wheelmen's Club, midnight by Terlan, who had his knees on his chest and his hands buried in his throat. He fought desperately with his assailant and freed himself, but only after he had struggled all over the house with the frenzied Italian. Brady's clothes were stripped from him in the encounter.

Terlan was arrested at his home. He bore marks of the struggle. He was a former employee of the club-house and is said to have borne a grudge against Brady since his discharge last Summer.

HURLED FIFTY FEET. Engine Kills a Passale Doctor Who Didn't Hear Whistle.

PASSALE, N. J., Jan. 21.—Dr. George T. Runtle, of Passaic avenue, Passaic, was struck by a train on the Delaware and Western Railroad at Delaware, near here, late last night. He died early this morning at the Passaic Hospital.

He drove over the tracks in the dark and did not hear the whistle of the engine. He was hurled fifty feet and his body crushed.

BOTH HIS FEET FROZEN. West Indian Found Extremities May Lose Pedal Excrescences.

A man named Nino, who is apparently a West Indian and a sailor, is in the Eastern District Hospital, Williamsburg, with his feet so badly frozen that it may be necessary to amputate them.

He was found late last night in a swamp near Newton Lake, near Forest Park, and brought to the hospital.

His feet were so badly frozen that it may be necessary to amputate them.

He was found late last night in a swamp near Newton Lake, near Forest Park, and brought to the hospital.